

The Star.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 5, 1892.

NUMBER 22.

VOLUME 1.

Miscellaneous.

C. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office on West Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel, Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. B. E. HOOVER,
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.
Resident dentist, in building near Methodist church, opposite Arnold block. Gentleness in operating.

Hotels.

HOTEL MCCONNELL,
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.
FRANK J. BLACK, Proprietor.

The leading hotel of the town. Headquarters for commercial men. Steam heat, free bus, bath rooms and closets on every floor, sample rooms, billiard room, telephone connections, etc.

HOTEL BELNAP,
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.
GREEN & CONSER, Proprietors.

First class in every particular. Located in the very center of the business part of town. Free bus to and from trains and commodious sample rooms for commercial travelers.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
BROOKVILLE, PA.
HUFFINGTON & LONG, Prop's.

Omnia in and from all trains. European restaurant. House heated and lighted by gas. Hot and cold water. Western Union Telegraph office in building. The hotel is fitted with all the modern conveniences.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
BROOKVILLE, PA.
JAS. H. CLOVER, Proprietor.

Sample rooms on the ground floor. House heated by natural gas. Omnibus to and from all trains.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.
The short line between Duluth, Edgeway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

On and after May 25d, 1892, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

7:10 A. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For points North between Falls Creek and Bradford. 7:15 A. M. mixed train for Bradford.

10:00 A. M.—Bradford and Rochester mail—For Brockwayville, Edgeway, Johnstown, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester, connecting at Johnstown with P. & E. train for Wilkeson, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.

10:55 A. M.—Accommodation—For Duluth, Spycos, Big Run and Painsawaway.

1:30 P. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For Brockwayville, Edgeway, Johnstown, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester, connecting at Johnstown with P. & E. train for Wilkeson, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.

4:50 P. M.—Mail—For Duluth, Spycos, Big Run, Painsawaway and Waterloo.

7:55 P. M.—Accommodation—For Duluth, Big Run and Painsawaway.

TRAINS ARRIVE—7:10 A. M. Accommodation Painsawaway; 10:00 A. M. Mail from Waterloo and Painsawaway; 10:55 A. M. Accommodation from Bradford; 1:30 P. M. Mail from Buffalo and Rochester; 7:53 P. M. Accommodation from Bradford. Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday July 10, 1892. Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Red Bank	10:10	4:40	10:10	4:40	10:10	4:40	10:10	4:40
Lawsonham	10:15	4:45	10:15	4:45	10:15	4:45	10:15	4:45
New Bethlehem	10:20	4:50	10:20	4:50	10:20	4:50	10:20	4:50
Oak Ridge	10:25	4:55	10:25	4:55	10:25	4:55	10:25	4:55
Millsville	10:30	5:00	10:30	5:00	10:30	5:00	10:30	5:00
Mayville	10:35	5:05	10:35	5:05	10:35	5:05	10:35	5:05
Summersville	10:40	5:10	10:40	5:10	10:40	5:10	10:40	5:10
Brockwayville	10:45	5:15	10:45	5:15	10:45	5:15	10:45	5:15
Falls Creek	10:50	5:20	10:50	5:20	10:50	5:20	10:50	5:20
Paincoast	10:55	5:25	10:55	5:25	10:55	5:25	10:55	5:25
Falls Creek	11:00	5:30	11:00	5:30	11:00	5:30	11:00	5:30
Duluth	11:05	5:35	11:05	5:35	11:05	5:35	11:05	5:35
Saluda	11:10	5:40	11:10	5:40	11:10	5:40	11:10	5:40
Winonah	11:15	5:45	11:15	5:45	11:15	5:45	11:15	5:45
Pendleton	11:20	5:50	11:20	5:50	11:20	5:50	11:20	5:50
Tyler	11:25	5:55	11:25	5:55	11:25	5:55	11:25	5:55
Green Elder	11:30	6:00	11:30	6:00	11:30	6:00	11:30	6:00
Benedict	11:35	6:05	11:35	6:05	11:35	6:05	11:35	6:05
Grant	11:40	6:10	11:40	6:10	11:40	6:10	11:40	6:10
Driftwood	11:45	6:15	11:45	6:15	11:45	6:15	11:45	6:15

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Lawsonham	11:40	6:10	11:40	6:10	11:40	6:10	11:40	6:10
Red Bank	11:45	6:15	11:45	6:15	11:45	6:15	11:45	6:15

Trains daily except Sunday.
DANIEL MCCARGO, GEN'L. SUPT., Pitsburg, Pa.
JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. AGT., Pitsburg, Pa.

CHANGEABLE WEATHER!

Nature has seen fit to have changeable weather and why not have your person garmented with a neat and nobby suit made of heavy-weight material to suit the weather that is now creeping upon you. You need a new winter suit and as the cold waves are very uncertain you will be wise if you place your order now for winter wearing apparel, so as to have it to don when blistering weather is ushered in. Such an immense line of winter patterns was never displayed in town as can be seen at

J. G. FROELICH'S,
Next door to Hotel McConnell.

MUSICAL CULTURE.

WELL MEANING HINTS, BUT NOT TOO KIND FOR THE AMATEUR.

Music is homicidal and suicidal—it devours its own children and slays itself—Radical Changes Concerning Instruments and Sex.

As speech to thought, as pictorial art to external nature, is practical music to music the element. And for this outward and audible art form music is dependent on human mediums, and those human mediums require a certain preparation to fit them for the reception and the transmission of their message. To some people, in whose natures musical sympathy is strong, this preparation comes easily and almost unconsciously. But the great majority need a kind of acclimatization before they can breathe and move freely in an element more or less strange to them, and this acclimatization is what we know as "musical culture."

Most people have some latent musical faculty, and this is capable of development. The notion has at any rate died out that it was effeminate for a man to play the piano and impossible for a woman to play the violin. It is not so long since, in the upper classes, no girl's education was considered even approximately complete without a large amount of piano forte drill—music it shall not be called—while a certain proficiency in this respect was too often held to atone for the absence of all other culture.

The violin on the other hand was held to be good only for men; perhaps we should restrict the term and say for fiddlers. Boys now and then learned a little of the instrument at school—a knowledge soon to be dropped and forgotten. The difference now scarcely needs to be pointed out. Boys and girls in numbers, and not a few who are no longer boys or girls, are learning to play on the violin and other stringed instruments. The discovery has been made that, though a virtuoso must begin early, it is not necessary to practice half the day at four or five years old in order to be a good useful player at twenty.

Ensemble classes and school orchestras show that on our amateurs the truth is at last dawning that unlimited solo performance is not the ultimate aim of all music training; that while only a gifted few can attain to high individual excellence and finish, the combination of many atoms of good, too small to be of any use singly, may result in an effect which is not only good, but great, so long as music, not self display, is the object sought after.

It may be roundly stated as a general truth that musical study proclaims itself on the house-top, without ceasing for an instant to assert itself in the garret, in the basement and at sundry intermediate points. The student's friends assist at every stage of his progress; they are involuntary and mostly unwilling participants in his difficulties, his perseverance, his triumph and his despair. Well for them if two or three such dramas are not going on in the house at once, to say nothing of probable puffs of melody and harmony from next door or over the way. That the character of musical practice is far superior to what it used to beavails these helpless ones but little.

To them it is an insignificant fact, compared with the fact that for every victim of coercion who formerly pounded a wry piano for a couple of hours a day there now are a dozen students of various instruments and singers gladly, all practicing away for their life. Should any link be missing in the continuous chain of sound, it is filled up by barrel organs, street bands, wandering ballad singers, solos on the whistle and other peripatetic instruments.

Good, very good, no doubt. The musical crusader looks on the work and congratulates himself. There must be means to all end. Music requires machinery, and the machinery for music is being brought into a most forward state of efficiency. But the music itself, whence in the future is that to come? The "enraged composer" and his troubles have long been a favorite theme for the efforts of humorists. Yet the fact thus comically represented is no joke, and in the present condition of things it threatens to resume ugly proportions.

Music is homicidal, suicidal. It devours its own children and slays itself. Silence, the absence or cessation of musical sound, is an absolute necessity for musical thought. But putting on one side the troubles of composers, who after all are comparatively few and far between, the born poor things! to be lahmels, their hand against every man and every man's hand against them, what on the rest of the world is the effect of this unceasing, often incongruous sound? It is easier to complain than to cure, and far easier to point out these evils than to suggest any effective remedy for them.

If architects and builders would take into consideration the diffusion of noise, and would do something to make walls and partitions music proof, it would be much. There are continental towns both in France and Germany where practicing is prohibited by law, except at certain stated hours. For a large and enviable portion of mankind the remedy against the evil lies in getting used to musical sound, and so unconsciously of it.—Nineteenth Century.

"Let us remove temptation from the path of youth," as the frog said when he plunged into the water upon seeing a boy pick up a stone.

HER FELLOW PASSENGERS STARED.

But the Hege Boy Crawling on Her Shoulder Was a Fat One, Scarcely Thin.

A fair haired girl of eighteen, with large blue eyes and a singularly attractive face, furnished a heap of entertainment for the passengers who were riding down town in a crowded car on the Sixth avenue elevated train Thursday morning. The girl boarded the train at the Twenty-eighth street station at 9 o'clock. She wore a gown of some plaid stuff in neat pattern. The waist was cut low at the neck and held up at the shoulders by small silk straps. It was filled in about the throat with puffs of snowy tulle that fitted tight around the neck. A neat leather satchel slung over her left shoulder with a strap completed her slightly attire. She had scarcely stepped into the car when a gentleman caught sight of her pretty face, and rose instantly and with a low bow surrendered his seat on one of the cross benches.

Five minutes later everybody in the car was watching the girl with absorbed interest. It wasn't on account of her winsome face either. A large Brazilian bug, with a brilliant shell, that crawled slowly along the surface of the tulle puffing at her throat, had caught their eyes. Passengers near by quickly detected that the bug was fastened to the waist of her gown by a tiny gold chain. The bug climbed several times over the top of the puffing upon the girl's white neck. The tickling caused by its feet appraised her of the fact, and each time she tenderly lifted the insect up and replaced it upon the tulle. She saw the passengers staring at her in astonishment, but paid no attention to their scrutiny.

When the train reached Eighth street an elderly woman got on and sat down in a seat directly opposite the handsome girl. She caught sight of the Brazilian bug a minute or two later. It startled her so that she started up from her seat. Then she stared around at the other passengers for a minute with a dazed look. Finally, unable longer to control her agitation, she got up, crossed the car and put her lips to the ear of the self possessed girl.

"Excuse me, miss," she exclaimed in an agitated whisper, "but you have a queer fly crawling on your dress."

Many of the passengers roared outright at the announcement, and the old lady blushed and sank back into her seat in confusion. The handsome girl smiled sweetly and looked at the old lady with quiet nonchalance.

"Don't get nervous, madam," she said. "I know the bug is there. It can't get away," and she caught it up and let the tiny gold chain and manacles dangle an instant to show that the insect was a prisoner.

A well dressed man who had been gazing at the girl for a long time turned to a reporter who sat beside him and said:

"That's a common enough fad in India, where young women have a fancy for fastening pet Brazilian bugs to their dresses, but it is the first time I ever saw the odd fashion copied in this city, at least in public. It's a queer whim, and it might become a craze. You can't tell about such things, you know."

The pretty girl got off at the Battery place station, and tripping lightly down stairs to the street strolled through Battery park. Pedestrians stopped and turned about and stared after her, but no one spoke to her and she spoke to no one. Her bearing was ladylike, but she often smiled slightly at the surprise of those who passed her.—New York Sun.

The Young Ideas.

The following are some answers from the examination papers of a class of schoolgirls between the ages of twelve and sixteen years:

Lawn is a soft stuff made from the wool of the lawn, an animal in South America. It is also part of the flesh of the cow or sheep, the rib part. Shoddy is a drink made from a mixture of ale and sugar. It is the leather before it goes through the process of making into boots and shoes, and for this reason is called shoddy. It is the flesh near the foot of any animal. It is a kind of whisky. Winey is the wool off an animal which lives in America; the lamen is its name. Calico is a good heat conductor, because it catches fire very easily. If a print dress is dried outside it must be careful not to be left in the sun.

Calendered means turned from one kind of species into another. It is things which are the shape of a calender, like our bodies. It means preserved with sugar. It means taking the dirt out of water. It means increased or getting heavier. It is a medicine or drug. It is boiling anything by means of steam. It means chewing the food well to make it fit to enter the body. It means the sum of a whole for a certain period of time.—London Journal of Education.

Russia and Her Schools.

The amount appropriated during 1891 for public schools by the Russian government was \$2,892,000. How pitifully small this is for a great country like Russia is vividly brought out by the fact that for the year 1890 the amount expended for the public schools in the state of New York was \$18,314,687.58.—New York Tribune.

An Ancient Piece of Music.

The most ancient piece of music which is still in existence is believed to be the "Blessing of the Priests." This song or chant was said to have been sung in the temple at Jerusalem, and is still to be heard in the Hebrew synagogues in Spain and Portugal.—Philadelphia Ledger.

INDIAN STRATAGEM.

HOW GERONIMO FOOLED A SQUAD OF UNCLE SAM'S CAVALRYMEN.

A Band of Apaches Borrowed Into the Blistering Sand and Lay in Wait Until the Soldiers Came Up—They Are the Only Indians That Can Do It.

I saw Geronimo and a dozen of his Apaches do something in Arizona in 1887 which I never would have believed possible had I not witnessed it with my own eyes.

The Apaches are unquestionably the most dreaded tribe of Indians on the continent. They are tougher, more enduring and more unconquerable than any other of their race. An Apache can lope up the side of a mountain with the thermometer marking 120 degs., and when he reaches the top he won't show a drop of extra perspiration, nor will he breathe a whit faster than when he started.

He will go for days without a morsel of food or a drop of water; he will live on snakes, mice and refuse, or, if the worst comes to the worst, will shoot his horse and eat what he wants of him raw. Set out to pursue a band of Apache raiders, and if they are hard pressed they will separate, each for himself, so that the only way to keep up the pursuit is to follow them individually, in which case the Apache is sure to have the best end of the contract. When the hunt is over the dusky miscreants will come together at some point twenty or thirty or more miles away.

There were twenty-five of us cavalrymen returning from one of our fruitless pursuits of the terrible Geronimo. Our horses were worn out, and so were we. It was one of the hottest days I have ever known in that throbbing furnace of a country. We had several miles of baked alkali plain still to traverse before reaching the fort, where we could secure shade and water, and what we needed most of all—rest.

Whew! but it was hot! Had not the air been perfectly dry neither man nor beast could have stood it. The metal work on our guns was so heated that no one could bear to touch it with the naked hand. The air shimmered and throbbled as it does over a newly plowed field at noon of a summer day.

North, east, south and west was one level stretch of plain, on which not a tree, shrub or even a blade of grass grew. Far to the westward could be seen the outlines of the fort, oddly distorted through the quivering atmosphere, but in every other direction was the naked, burning desert.

We were strung along for a distance of several hundred yards. In fact there was a squad of five horsemen much farther than that in the rear. All the animals were plodding slowly through the sand, which it seemed to me was hot enough to roast eggs, their heads drooping, while we were simply enduring it, grimly closing our teeth, holding out to reach the post.

Was there anything to be apprehended from Geronimo? Could we old campaigners be entrapped? Low, level sands on every hand. Well, right there in the midst of that flaming plain, with its horrible sandy waste, in which no spear of grass could find root, that frightful chieftain and his Apaches ambuscaded us. It sounds incredible, but it is a fact.

Suddenly I heard rifle firing at the rear. It had a dull, odd sound, but it was close at hand, and as I turned in the saddle I saw that the squad farthest away were engaged in a desperate fight with a party of Indians, who were on foot, shooting, striking and darting hither and thither like so many demons.

We instantly wheeled and hurried back as fast as we could to the help of our comrades, but before we could reach them three saddles were emptied, and Geronimo and his warriors were scurrying across the plain at a greater speed than any to which we could force our exhausted ponies, who sank to their fetlocks at every step. We gave them a parting volley, which wounded several, but they managed to limp off with the help of others, and all were soon beyond danger. I don't know how far they traveled off over that burning desolation, but it may have been many miles, for they were capable of doing it, they chose.

These Apaches must have discovered our approach while we were a good way off. Knowing we were on our return to the post they could easily calculate where we would pass. Then they borrowed in the sand, covering themselves entirely with the blistering particles, so that only their snakelike eyes peered forth. Thus we passed within a few rods of them without suspecting their presence.

In conversation with General Crook about the extraordinary incident, that old campaigner smiled and replied:

"I am not surprised. I have seen them do the same thing myself, but the Apache is the only Indian that can do it."—Chicago Mail.

The "Third Founder."

"Third founder of Rome" was the title given to the Roman general, Caius Marius, on account of his repeated triumphs over the public enemies of his country, particularly for his successful conduct of the Jugurthine war, and for his decisive victories over the combined forces of the Ambrones and Teutones, near Aquae Sextiae (Aix), in 103 B. C., and over the Cimbric on the plain of Verceilae (Verceil), in 101 B. C.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE DETECTIVE'S DREAM.

He Followed the Clue It Gave and Caught the Man He Was After.

"Do you believe in dreams?" asked Tom Hall of Conductor Mitchell.

"I sleep too sound to dream," was the reply.

"Well, I never had much confidence in them either, but I had an unusual experience one time that has almost made me a believer. A number of years ago, when I was in the secret service, I had searched the country over for a murderer. His home was in Indianapolis, and he had relatives living here, but I could never get any trace of him. One night I came to Indianapolis and remained here two weeks, stopping at the Spencer House. I tramped this town from one end to the other and had about given up in despair.

"One morning I got up rather early, and asked the clerk to take a drink with me. This he did, and then I went to breakfast. For breakfast we had bacon, and I never enjoyed anything so much in my life. After breakfast I strolled out, and made my way down Washington street and along up the canal. There was one house that attracted my attention. It was built in an unusual way, the weatherboarding being put on perpendicularly. In a building next to this house I saw the man I wanted, and just as I reached for him I awoke. It had been a dream, but so natural was it that I could actually taste the cocktail I had drunk with the clerk, and the bacon I had eaten for breakfast.

"When I got up the clerk and I did take a drink together, and we had bacon for breakfast, just as it occurred in my dream. I went down Washington street and along the canal. There I saw many things that I dreamed about, but I could not find the house with the perpendicular weatherboarding. I saw a building located on the same spot where my dreamhouse should have been, and while I was looking at it a man came out. I recognized him as an old acquaintance, and we had quite a long chat—I of course not explaining to him the business I was on.

"In the course of the conversation I learned that the mother of my man lived next door to this house. In an hour or two I came back and went in to see her. To make a long story short, I learned that her son had joined the regular army and was stationed out here at the arsenal. There I arrested him. He was tried, convicted and was sent over the road and is yet serving time for his crime. The clue I had secured as to his whereabouts came to me in a dream."—Indianapolis News.

Poor Economy.

It is indeed a melancholy fact that many comparatively well to do American families fall into the habit of pinching the stomach in order that the back may riot in purple and fine linen. It was told recently of a family who lived in a brownstone front and made a great show that they invariably sat down to half rations at their meals. The family consisted of seven, while the butcher's and grocer's bills showed that comfortable provision was made for not more than four persons. The consequence? Why, that they were always quarreling and fighting of course, the result of flaccid nerves and impoverished blood.

The poor, ill paid slave who used to live with them and do the work of two slaves told this tale out of school after her happy emancipation. "Why, bless yer heart, ma'am," she said to her new mistress, who was helping her to make the beds in the modest flat, "savin yer prudence, they used to cut the bread that thin that you could see through it, and then count the slices. They'd lock up the loaf after, and y'd git no more, even if you was starvin after a hard day's washin or housecleanin. An, wusser nor that," she continued indignantly, "they was that mad that they'd sneak the bit o' butter off o' the table and put on the molasses when they see me a-comin." Living on these lines, who among us could not afford to live in a brownstone mansion?—New York News.

Superstition of the Cuckoo.

In a celebrated French romance of the Thirteenth century, published by Meon, M. Renart and his wife hear the cuckoo's notes early in the morning as they lie awake, talking and planning what they will do and be in the future that lies before them. M. Renart thinks he would like to know how many years will be given him in which to enjoy life, so he implores the cuckoo to tell him.

"Cuckoo, tell me truth, how many years have I to live? I wish very much to know, cuckoo." The cuckoo answered promptly thirteen times. Then M. Renart turns to his wife and embraces her. "Did you hear?" he asks. "Sir," said Mme. Renart, being a dutiful wife and very respectful to her lord and master, "Sir, I heard gladly, and demand you will kiss me." "Dame," said he, "I am quite rejoiced."—All the Year Round.

Rapid Transit in Berlin.

Thirty miles of underground electric railway similar to the City and South London line has been proposed for Berlin